The Grub-ſtreet Journal. NUMB. 413.

THURSDAY, *NOVEMBER* 24, 1737.

Gentlemen,

THE following Poem was written a year ago, by a young Gentleman then in Yorkſhire; which coming to my hands but very lately, I here ſend, and deſire you to give it a place in your next *Journal*; doing which you will oblige ſeveral of your readers, but more particularly me, who am

Your conſtant reader and humble ſervant.

A DESCRIPTION *of an* Entertainment *given at* Pick——ing *in* Yorkſhire, by T——— Rob—on, Eſq; *in Honour of his* Majeſty's Birth-day, *Oct.* 30, 1736.

Nunc eſt bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulſanda tellus: nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar Deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, ſodales. HOR.

Now, if I were a flatt'ring Poet,
Undoubtedly I here wou'd ſhow it;
And tell you, PHOEBUS did appear
As tawdry, and as debonair,
As any Bridegroom —— that he ſhone
With an uncommon luſtre, on
This great and glorious day ——But, Gad,
The morn unluckily was bad.
That raging gentleman the SUN
Durſt not appear, as of ſome Dun
Afraid; but in a dark diſguiſe,
He rode conceal'd in clouded skies.

I, 'mong the reſt invited, roſe
Early, and huddled on my cloaths:
But, faith, it gave me mighty pain,
When I got out, to ſee it rain;
My horſe I mount, and now away
I ride, to celebrate the day.

My friends ſaluted, down we ſat,
And on indifferent matters chat:
But it diſpleas'd me much in mind,
The bells not ringing there to find.
Oh! Gentlemen, quoth I, indeed
Before we farther do proceed,
We all muſt to the Parſon ſend,
(And ſure the Parſon is a friend
To him, whom this great day gave birth,
And made the greateſt Prince on earth!)
To let him know, that we expect,
His Clerk to ring he wou'd direct,
For 'tis no more than due reſpect.
The bells did ring ——Then Tea came up;
Each gueſt his ſaucer takes and cup;
And, while remain'd ſome bread and butter,
One word we wiſely did not utter:
Whole pyramids of fatten'd toaſt
Were in our hungry ſtomachs loſt.
The break-faſt done — the ſervant waits,
To take away the empty plates.

Their eager bellies ſatisfied,
They now reſolve to take a ride,
About the cold and bleaky *Carr*,
To hunt with hounds the tim'rous hare.
As ſoon as ſaid away they go,
And ſtrain their throats with *hio! ho!*
I ſtay'd behind — I did not care,
To venture neck — to kill a hare.
So e'en th' old Gentleman and I,
Began to talk of Poetry:
That POPE's *Eſſays* were wond'rous fine;
POPE favour'd by the Virgin Nine:
That ſure he might with juſtice claim,
Among all Bards, the foremoſt name:
His *Dunciad* was profoundly writ,
Was full of Learning, and of Wit:
His *Rape o'th' Lock*, and *Eloiſe*,
Were doubtleſs each a maſter-piece:
His *Critic Eſſay* too cou'd ſhow it,
How hard it is to be a Poet:
In ſhort, that all his rhimes wou'd be
Admir'd by late poſterity.
And MILTON now, who ſcorn'd to rime,
Were not his thoughts and verſe ſublime?
His eyes were dark — but ſure his mind
Tells us the man, not bard, was blind.

Then honeſt DRYDEN too we ſaid,
'Twas pity that he wrote for bread:
Sublime his genius and his wit,
Tho' he, poor man! in hurry writ.
What think you, Sir, of MATTHEW PRIOR?
Are not his Verſes full of fire?
His *Tales* are wrote with ſo much eaſe,
That they inſtruct, as well as pleaſe:
His *Alma*, Sir, and then, his *Dove*, ——
In ſhort his *Letters*, plainly prove,
That him we might with juſtice ſtile,
The HORACE of the Britiſh iſle.
But hold, quoth he, I have not done,—
What think you now of ADDISON?
Was he not, Sir, a writer clean,
As ever took in hand a pen?
His judgment is profound and good;
And what he did, he underſtood.
He did not write in haſte, but weigh'd,
What ſhou'd on any theme be ſaid.
His *Cato* and *Campaign*, I'm ſure,
To after ages will endure.
Beſides, his *Proſe* was ev'ry whit
As good, as any thing he writ.
The ſcene now prithee let us ſhift,
What think you, pray, of Dr. SWIFT?
What wit, what humour he diſplays,
In every thing he writes, or ſays!
His merry Muſe is keen,—but what of that?
Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?
If you love Satire's poignant tongue,
Why look you, Sir, there's Dr. YOUNG.

Thus we diſcours'd, without diſputes;
When in they came with dirty boots,
From hunting: but ygad they nought
But hungry ſtomachs with them brought.
And now for once to fill a rime,
We'll ſay it was not dinner time:
And what to do we cou'd not tell;
So e'en on hunting now they fell.
'Our ſport was very good,' ſaid one,
'Our beagles too did bravely run;
'*Lightfoot* did wonders, Sir, to-day,
'Yet, Gad, the hare ſtill got away.
'Ay, quoth the next, had't not been thus,
'We ſurely ſhould have taken Puſs;
'If JACK (for which he muſt be chid)
'Had not before the beagles rid.'

But luckily, as each renews
The Chaſe, came in the laſt week's *News*.
The *Perſian* and the *Muſcovite*,
We read, had ſet all matters right:
And that the *Sultan* was afraid,
That they his countrey wou'd invade.
Our *King*, God bleſs him! he was well
At *Hanover*, I think — or *Zell*.
And in that Paper we were told,
That a young Prince ſcarce four years old,
Out of Religion pure, was made, oh
Shame! *Archbiſhop of* Toledo.
That *Sir* JOHN NORRIS too was well,
With all his fleet in *Portugal*.
The news we heard from *Gallia* was,
That LEWIS followed ſtill *La Chaiſe*:
The State affairs, for thoſe are hurry,
He left to *Cardinal de Fleury*.
And that his *Queen* hears Maſs, and bleeds,
And in her pregnancy proceeds.
A little news from *Holland* came,
But that their dykes were ſtill the ſame;
That tho' we'd baniſh'd drams the nation,
Geneva ſtill was there in faſhion:
And while on trifles States were running,
She yet preſerv'd her former cunning.
The home news ſwell'd with thouſand lies,
That TA—OR can recover eyes;
And W—D with univerſal Pill
Cures every malignant ill;
Be it as deſp'rate as it will.
That R—CK can cure the Pox and Clap;
And bones are ſet by Mrs. M—P.
It told us ſuch a noble Peer,
Arriv'd in perfect ſafety here:
The *Royal Family* intend
The winter at St. James to ſpend.

That ſuch a pair were lately married,
And ſuch a Lady had miſcarried:
That one was robb'd of all he had,
And ſuch a one — was lately dead.
We had proceeded — but good NELL
Bid WILLIAM ring the timely bell.
The table-cloth was nicely laid,
The diſhes brought, and Grace was ſaid;
And faith good knives and forks we play'd.
The bread was white, the napkins neat,
The turneps and the carrots ſweet;
Well boil'd and roaſted was the meat.
The ale was ſtrong; and for the beer
'Twas mild, and as the chryſtal clear:
And thus at once you have our cheer.
Dainty enough, I needs muſt tell ye,
Subſtantial for a — Poet's belly:
And faith the diſhes were not ſpar'd—
As all the ſervants eyes declar'd;
They thought we never wou'd have done,
But leave them bones to pick upon.
At length our jaws of action tir'd,
They joyful with the reſt retir'd.
The plates and cloth were taken off;
And we began to ſmoak and quaff. —

But I forgot, as I'm a ſinner:
We thank'd our Maker firſt for dinner.
'Twas then our duty the next thing,
To drink a health *to Church and King*.
And now each drank in well-fill'd glaſs,
His miſtreſs, or his fav'rite laſs.
Tir'd with the bottle, (for you know,
Exceſs doth always loathſome grow,)
We all did, *nemine con.* agree
To take a diſh or two of Tea.
The Tea was brought, and with her came
SCANDAL diſguis'd, a ſlandering dame;
Who, had we given her all her will,
Had never let her tongue lie ſtill.
What cou'd we do? — I'll tell you, we
Immediately diſpatch'd the Tea:
And ſoon as things were ta'en away,
She left the room, — nor car'd to ſtay.

The day was now entirely ſpent,
And darkneſs clad the Firmament:
And as we'd crown'd the day with joy,
Thus we reſolv'd the night t' employ.
But as we thought 'twou'd be too ſoon,
To open ball with *Mrs.* MOON,
We all were of opinion, that
Some cards wou'd now be very pat.
The candles, cards, and tables brought,
Soon down contentedly we ſat.
The cards were mix'd, and we divide,
Who ſhou'd be partners of a ſide:
To loſe much, as we were not willing,
We only play'd the lurch a ſhilling.
'Twas nine, or thereabouts, before
We thought of giving playing o'er;
When looking on my watch by chance,
Ladies, ſaid I, 'tis time to dance.
But, by the bye, I'd have you know,
Of Ladies, there were only — two.
For muſic —— why, it is no matter;
We might indeed have had much better:
The fiddle, tho' 'twas not *Cremona*,
However, was a true — *Maltona*.

Our room was not of wide expanſe,
But large enough for us to dance:
For we, three couples only made,
Miſs, *Madam*, and —— the *Chamber-maid*.
Young *Miſs* and I the Ball began,
With Minuet and Rigadoon.
More ſpace, I own, we'd had to tread,
But for the tables, chairs, and —— bed.
But what of that? we skipp'd away,
As jovial, merry, and as gay,
As any Courtier of them all,
A dancing at the Royal Ball.
To dance no more when we were able,
Supper was brought upon the table.
We eat, drank, jok'd, but none offended;
We went to bed — and ſo it ended.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

DP. *Daily Poſt.* | G. *Daily Gazetteer.*
DA. *Daily Advertiſer.* | S J. *St. James's Evening Poſt.*
LP. *London Daily Poſt.* | L E. *London Evening Poſt.*

THURSDAY, *Nov.* 17. On tueſday night her Majeſty reſted but indifferently, and continu'd very ill all yeſterday. *DA. LP.* —— Relapſed yeſterday morning at 9. *DP.* —— At 10. but found ſome relief by a preſcription of Dr. Sands. *G.*

A duel was fought yeſterday morning in Marybone-fields, between an officer of the 1ſt regiment of Foot-guards, and one belonging to the Duke of Argyle's horſe *LP.*

On tueſday 30,000 ounces of ſilver coin were enter'd at the Cuſtom-houſe for exportation to Holland. *LP. G* —— 521,787 yards of linnen were enter'd from Ireland. *DA.* —— 500,000. *LP.*

Yeſterday No. 66,556 was drawn a prize of 2000 l. No. 21,895, 1000 l. 48,634, 500 l. and 2177, 66,501, 39,235. [39,245. *DA. G.*] 11,317, 100 l. each. *DP.* —— 42,972, and 67,109, 50 l. each. *DA. G.*

The Numbers in Mr. Jernegan's Sale entitled to claims.

Order as drawn.	*Num. claim.*	*Order as drawn.*	*Num. Claim.*
2975	49093	4025	11776
3150	3878	4200	14486
3325	19007	4375	35187
3500	35090	4550	35737
3675	59007	4725	17341
3850	28867		*DA G.*

It being objected that Church Revenues founded on and for Falſhood and Wrong, a Bank is forming at the Oratory on and for Truth and Honeſty. *LP.* —— *This vile inſinuation againſt the* Revenues *of the* Church of England, *is as far from* Truth and Honeſty, *as from* Senſe and Engliſh.

Yeſterday in the evening, the Hackney ſtage-coach was robb'd a little on this ſide Cambridge-heath, by 2 foot-pads, who rifled the paſſengers: it was ſo near the watchmens ſtand, and the fellows ſwore ſo loud, that it was almoſt impoſſible but they muſt have heard them. *LP.*

Married, yeſterday, at Chelſea, Rob. Thornbury, of Clouceſterſhire, Eſq; to Miſs Barker, an agreeable young lady with 6000 l. *DP.*

FRIDAY, *Nov.* 18. On wedneſday night, her Majeſty had ſome reſt, and in the morning was thought a little better. *DP.* —— Continued eaſy all day. *DA.* —— Laſt night the Phyſicians began to entertain great hopes of her recovery. *LP. G.* —— At noon her Majeſty receiv'd the Holy Communion from the hands of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury. *G.* —— At 2 in the afternoon. *DP.* —— About 3 their Majeſties receiv'd the Sacrament. *DA.*

The Duke of Argyle has appointed Mr. Hill to be Maſter-gunner at Plymouth, *DP.* —— Mr. Mills. *DA.*

On wedneſday came on before the Barons of the Exchequer, a Cauſe depending about 20 years, between the City of London, Plaint. and the Bargemen of Middleſex, Def. concerning the landing of corn: the trial laſted from 8 in the morning till 12 at night, when it was given in favour of the latter. This Cauſe has coſt the City ſeveral 1000 l. and we hear they will apply to the Houſe of Lords. *DA.*

Yeſterday No. 63,341, [63,541. *DP. G.*] and 5501 [9501. *DP.*] were drawn prizes of 500 l. No. 65,694, and 30,235. [30,253. *DP.*] 100 l. each. *DA. LP.* ——53,014, 40,582, [40,583. *DP. G.*] 63,291, and 7941, 50 l. each. *DA.*

The Numbers in Mr. Jernegan's Sale entitled to claims.

Order as drawn.	*Num. claim.*	*Order as drawn.*	*Num. claim.*
4900	4488	5950	63275
5075	29434	6125	44997
5250	41516	6300	24629
5425	43312	6475	22893
5600	1106	6650	20825
5775	21302	6825	53105
			DA. G.

The 2000 l. prize, drawn on wedneſday, is the property of Mr. Tackle, Valet to Brig. Gen. Handyſyd, and the ticket the gift of his maſter. *LP.*

In Mr. Tomkin's fiſh-pond at Abingdon was lately found a tea-caniſter full of guineas: his father was robb'd of 800 guineas about 15 years ago, for which his coachman on ſuſpicion was committed to gaol, from whence he made his eſcape, and was never heard of ſince. *DP.*

A few days ago a noted man mid-wife was committed to Chelmsford goal for a robbery on the highway. *DA.*

Yeſterday 4 perſons were convicted before Col De Veil, for retailing ſpirituous liquors. One of the Informers fell into the hands of the mob, who uſed him ſo barbarouſly, that when he came to the Juſtice's houſe, he was almoſt ready to expire, being bruis'd and cut, and ſeem'd one entire lump of dirt. The Col. was forced to read the Proclamation, to a numerous inraged populace, which he could not diſperſe until he ſent for a guard of ſoldiers. *LP. G.*

Married, yeſterday, at St. George's Hanover-ſquare, Mr. Hamlin, an eminent merchant in Thames-ſtreet, to Miſs Jenkins, a young gentlewoman of fine accompliſhments, and 5000 l. *DP.*

Died, on friday, at High Ercal in Shropſhire, the Counteſs of Bradford, in her 77th year. *DP. LP. G* —— We hear from Weſton in Staffordſhire, the ſeat of the Counteſs, that ſhe was much better. *DA.* 21.

On wedneſday, a young woman dropt down dead at Governor Lowther's in Bloomsbury-ſquare. *DA* —— Mrs. Colthorpe, an ancient gentlewoman, in Feather ſtone's buildings. *LP.*

At Chatham, on ſunday the 6th, one Fairer a taylor being at dinner, was asked by the company, if he intended to eat all he had on his plate? To which he anſwer'd, that he would eat as long as the D——l gave him leave, and dropt down dead directly. *LP.*

SATURDAY, *Nov.* 19. On thurſday night her Majeſty reſted very well, and yeſterday ſat up in her bed ſome time; but towards night grew worſe. *DP.* —— Yeſterday ſeemed to continue on the mending hand. *DA.* —— Eaſy all day. *LP.* —— Was much better. *G.*

On thurſday was held at Merchant-Taylors-hall the annual Feaſt of the Gentlemen educated at their ſchool, where a Latin Oration was ſpoken by Mr. Casberd, the head ſcholar, &c. *DA. LP.*

Yeſterday Mr John Standiſh was elected porter of Bridewell. *DP. G.*

Yeſterday as ſome butchers drove an ox too faſt, he toſs'd 5 men and a woman in Holborn, and ran into Rathbourne-place, into Mr. Pantillo's back parlour, where he with a child on his knee, and a young gentleman were drinking tea: Mr. Pantillo threw the child under, and himſelf upon the bed; the bullock jump'd upon him, which breaking the ſacking, he receiv'd but little damage, and got the child out of the room. The ox then gored the other perſon in the breaſt; and ſeeing his ſhadow in the chimney-glaſs, broke it, chairs, tables, &c. all to pieces. Then he walk'd into the dining room, where he left nothing whole. Then they attempted to ſhoot him, but on the ſecond fire he forced himſelf out of the window, carrying the frame, glaſs, &c. into the area; where he met with a rack of bottles, all which he broke; then the kitchen windows; and then went into the vault, where he was ſhot dead by the owner. *G.*

Yeſterday No. 9501 and 63341 [68,705, and 67,976. *DP. G.*] were drawn prizes of 500 l. 36,955 and 65,694 [32,651. *DP. G.*] 100 l. 23,734, 63,291, 7941, and 40,583 [20,444, 13,096, 5102, 24,646 *DP.* 42,646. *G.*] 7311, 52,657, 50,123, 50 l. each. *DP. G.*

The Numbers in Mr. Jernegan's Sale entitled to claims.

Order as drawn.	*Num. claim.*	*Order as drawn.*	*Num. claim.*
7000	6283	8050	30611
7175	44692	8225	40450
7350	51055	8400	50099
7525	42052	8575	30762
7700	25615	8750	20275
7875	34601	8925	50005
			DA. G.

Yeſterday Geo. Phelps, a labourer, fell from a houſe in Channel-row, and was kill'd. *G.*

MONDAY, *Nov.* 21. On ſaturday it was judg'd the Queen was on the mending hand; but early yeſterday morning her Majeſty relaps'd, continued very ill all day, and expir'd about 11 laſt night. *DP. LP.* — Between 11 and 12. *LP. G.* 23. *from the Gazette* —— Born Mar. 1, 1682-3. Married at Hanover Aug. 23, 1705 Had iſſue 4 ſons and 5 daughters: aged 55 years, 8 months, and 13 days. *DA.* —— About 1 this morning the King, Duke, and Princeſſes ſet out for Kenſington, as did the Prince and Princeſs of Wales from Kew. *DP.*

On ſaturday No. 11,4 8 and 33,235 were drawn prizes of 500 l. 46,229, 37,992, 30,761, and 17,954 [17,953. *G.*] 100 l *DP. G.*

The Numbers in Mr. Jernegan's Sale entitled to claims.

Order as drawn.	*Num. claim.*	*Order as drawn.*	*Num. claim.*
9100	67131	10150	65933
9275	69088	10325	52176
9450	42722	10500	58921
9625	63078	10675	19566
9800	22365	10850	25166
9975	12272	11025	30813
			DA. G

On friday and ſaturday 15 perſons were convicted before Juſtice Farmer for retailing ſpirituous liquors: 10 paid the 10 l. penalty, the reſt were ſent to the houſe of correction. *DP.*

Married, yeſterday, at May-fair chapel, Will. Forteſcue, of Althorp in Northamptonſhire, to Miſs Shirley, a beautiful young lady with a plentiful fortune. *DP.*

Died, on wedneſday, at Addington near Croydon, Sir John Leigh, Knt. *DA.* —— On friday, at Iſlington, Capt. Harle, an eminent Italian merchant. *DP. G.* —— Reported to die worth upwards of 40,000 l. *DA.* —— In Delahay-ſtreet, John Bolton, of Gawthorp in Yorkſhire, Eſq; who had between 2 and 3000 l per ann. *DA.* 4000 l. *G.*

Yeſterday morning the body of a young woman was found murder'd in St. George's fields, near the lane going into Lambeth-marſh. Her throat was cut from ear to ear, one of her thumbs cut off, a large cut in her cheek, a cut on her arm thro' the gown, and ſeveral other marks of violence appear'd on her body. *DA.* &c.

On thurſday ſome butchers boys in Newgate-market, having diverted themſelves with toſſing ſome dogs in a blanket, agreed to toſs the firſt boy that came by; accordingly they got hold of the ſon of Mr. Hopkins, a diſtiller, and toſs'd him ſo much, that, with the fright, he died on friday laſt. He was about 7 years old. *DA.* —— Died raving mad. *DP. G.*

On ſaturday the mob dragg'd an Informer into Cotton's ſtable-yard in Dean-ſtreet, Soho, drew him thro' the horſe-pond, and uſed him ſo barbarouſly, that he expir'd ſoon after they left him. *DA.* —— Yeſterday morning. *DP.*

TUESDAY, *Nov.* 22. His Majeſty, the Duke, and Princeſſes continue at S. James's. *DA. LP. G.* —— Which we hear is not to be hung with mourning. *LP.* —— Yeſterday in the afternoon his Majeſty was greatly indiſpoſed. *DP.* —— As is the Princeſs Caroline. *LP.*

Yeſterday morning the Prince and Princeſs of Wales remov'd from Carlton-houſe to Kew. *DA.* —— Laſt night about 8. *LP.* —— Laſt night the Prince lay dangerouſly ill at his houſe in Pall-mall. *DP.* —— The Prince and Princeſs of Wales continue in good health at Kew. *LP.* 23.

Yeſterday the corpſe of her late Majeſty was embowel'd. *LP.* —— Embalm'd. *DA. G.*

We hear the manner of her interment will be like that of Queen Mary. *DA.*

His Majeſty has been pleas'd to appoint Sir Semor Pile, Bar. to be Captain in the Lord Moleſworth's royal regiment of Dragoons. *DA.*

Yeſterday No. 45,815 was drawn 2000 l. and 15,054, 500 l. *DP. LP. G.* —— 4762, 54,388, 58,690, and 14,258, 100 l. each. *DP. G.*

The Number in Mr. Jernegan's Sale entitled to claims.

Order as drawn.	*Num. claim.*	*Order as drawn.*	*Num. claim.*
11200	27794	12250	22965
11375	26060	12425	38658
11550	4816	12600	40726
11725	27521	12775	36668
11900	51043	12950	61299
12075	14332	13125	34948
			DA. G.

The prize of 2000 l. fell to a young gentlewoman in Bedfordſhire. *G.*

The woman that was found murder'd on ſaturday laſt in St. George's fields, proves to be the wife of a Life-guard-man. They were both obſerv'd to come out of the Bell alehouſe in the ſaid fields an hour before the murder was committed, and about 4 o' clock ſhe was heard to beg of him not to murder her. Diligent ſearch is making after him. *DA.*

Married yeſterday, at Kenſington, Will. Tyley, of the Devizes, Eſq; to Miſs Chriſtian Arbuthnot, a lady of great beauty, merit, and a good fortune. *DP.*

On ſaturday, a boat was caſt away near Greenwich, and the waterman and two paſſengers drowned. *DP.*

Yeſterday Mr. Dawſon, a ſilk-dyer in St. Martin's-court, dropt down dead near Newport-market. *LP.*

On friday morning two women cutting furz on a forlorn part of Durdham downs near Briſtol, found a ſack, in which was the body of a young woman inhumanly mangled, her head, arms, and thighs being ſeparated from the body, as if done by a hatchet, or ſome other butcherly weapon. *DP. DA. LP.*

WEDNESDAY, *Nov.* 23. On monday night her Majeſty's body was put into a leaden coffin, incloſed in one of wainſcote, cover'd with black velvet. *DP.* —— Yeſterday into 3 coffins, one of wood, and two of lead. *DA.* —— 'Tis ſaid the funeral will not be till after Chriſtmas. *DA G.* —— And the mourning will be for 6 months. *LP.*

We hear, that the Earl of Pomfret will be appointed Conſtable of the Tower. *DA. LP.* —— *The G.* appointed the Earl of Warwick and Holland, *on this day ſe'nnight.*

Char. Cartwright, of Preſton, Eſq; has been appointed one of the Gentlemen of the privy chamber to his Majeſty. *DP.*

Yeſterday No. 5132 was drawn 1000 l. and 1682, 22,511, 500 l each. *DP. LP. G.* —— 9044, 44,029

100 l. each. 6622, 31,571, [31,578. *G.*] 41,430, 38,731, 67,161 23,293, [23,239. *G.*] and 21,300, 50 l. each. *DP. G.* —— 1721 prizes have been drawn. *G.*

The Numbers in Mr. Jernegan's Sale entitled to claims.

Order as drawn.	*Num. claim.*	*Order as drawn.*	*Num. claim.*
13300	68664	14350	10858
13475	27235	14525	33156
13650	65527	14700	24705
13825	15600	14875	24222
14000	61526	15050	26643
14175	69277	15225	49715

DA. G.

Moſt of the journeymen taylors have refuſed to work under 5 s. a day. *LP.*

They complain in Lincolnſhire and other places, that good oxen at Smithfield don't fetch above a penny a pound, or 5 farthings at moſt. *DP.*

On monday 5 perſons were convicted before Col. De Veil, for retailing ſpirituous liquors; 3 paid the penalty, and two were committed to Bridewell. *G.*

Died, on monday, in Great Ruſſel-ſtreet, Will. Bowles, Eſq; poſſeſs'd of 3000 l. per ann. in Kent. *G.* —— On friday, at Plymouth, Sir Nic. Trevannion, Knt. one of the Commiſſioners of the Navy. *DP. G.* —— Of the Navy there. *DA. LP.*

On monday night Mrs. Philips dropt down dead at her houſe in Denmark-ſtreet. *G.*

Tueſday laſt Mr. *Cruden*'s New and Excellent Concordance to the Bible, with many Improvements beyond any Book of that Kind, was publiſhed, which he had the honour to preſent to their Majeſties, a few days before the Queen's illneſs, the Book being Dedicated to her Majeſty, whoſe death is now inexpreſſibly lamented.

From the PEGASUS *in Grub-ſtreet.*

IN contradiction to the repeated Puffs, inſerted in the Daily Papers, merely for the ſake of the *Ready*, concerning the wonderful Cures, perform'd lately by Mr. WARD in Yorkſhire; we have received advice, that Edward Chaloner, Eſq; (a Gentleman of 3000 l. per ann.) of Gisborough, the place of Mr. WARD's nativity, died there laſt month, on the taking of His Medicines: a more particular account of whoſe ſurprizing death we ſhall ſoon communicate to the Public.

IN our *Reflections* upon Mr. ORATOR's *Puffs*, &c. our Method has been to quote his words, and to ſubjoin a conciſe and direct anſwer; thereby giving every judicious reader an opportunity of forming immediately a juſt judgment of the merits of the caſe. Inſtead of treating us in the ſame fair manner, he attack'd us in an abuſive *Advertiſement* in the *London Daily Poſt*, *Nov.* 5. to every ſentence of which we replied very particularly in our laſt. This occaſioned the publication of two Panegyrics upon himſelf in proſe and verſe, in the *London Daily Poſt*, *Nov.* 19. in a more correct ſtile than the *things* which uſually come from the Oratorial Academy.

In the *Letter*, dated from *Gray's-Inn*, *Nov.* 15. the writer having called us *impotent Snarlers*, and *Witwouds*, who have only 'thrown out Envious Gibes and Jeſtings 'at the Oratory,' adviſes Mr. H. to 'look upon us with 'Contempt, and leave us to the Scorn and Laughter of 'all Men of *Senſe* and *Virtue*.' He tells him, that the 'Conſolation, which every *good Man* receives in the 'purſuit of that which he knows will be for the Good of 'his Country, muſt be the Reſult of his Actions, and 'ſhould be his Support againſt the * Calumny of his Ene-'mies.' Exhorts him to 'proceed in the Advancement 'of *Wit*, *Humour*, and *Religion*, and all polite and ne-'ceſſary branches of Literature by his own Diſcourſes; 'and to encourage a Search into Truth, by his ingeni-'ous, candid, and well-regulated Diſputations; to reform 'the vitiated Taſte of the Age; to unmask the deceitful 'appearance of what is falſely called Philoſophy and Re-'ligion.' Declares, 'that † Flattery is as far from his Na-'ture to pay, as it is from Mr. H's to ſuffer it to be paid; but that 'his Worth, his Learning, evident in private, 'in publick, in all his Actions, require what he has wrote, 'which is no more than to acknowledge his Obligations 'for the Benefits receiv'd from attending his Oratory.' Concludes, Perſevere in the Support and the *Furtherance* 'of *Learning*, *Virtue* and *Religion*, and be an *Ornament* 'of your *Country*, a Defender of Truth, and an *In-'ſtructor* to your *Fellow Subjects*, as you have been to 'Your very humble Servant, PHILALETHES.'

The Copy of Verſes is as follows:

To the Rev. J. HENLEY, *A. M.*

Let ‖ *Bigots* ſcorn, let envious *Prelates* rail,
Henley, nor Scorn, nor Envy ſhall prevail;
Thy Truth, thy Learning never ſhall ſubmit
To *Prieſtly* Vengeance, or to *Grubſtreet* Wit:
Thy Nervous Argument and Style's ſo ſtrong,
Our Souls to REASON's Laws are forc'd along;
Ev'n they who come deſigning to deſpiſe,
Hear, wonder, and againſt their Will grow wiſe:
So *Paul* inſpir'd with heavenly ‡ Traces ſtood,
Prais'd by the Wiſe, and lov'd by all the Good,
Till harden'd Foes his wondrous Worth confeſt:
§ For while with Action Reaſon's Pow'r he preſt,
With *Grace* he charm'd their Eyes, with *Truth* their *Breaſt*.

Gray's Inn. ROBINSON.

For this *Letter* and *Verſes* Mr. H. returned his hearty thanks in the following Puffing Form in the *London Daily Poſt*, *Nov.* 21. 'Mr. Henley thanks his generous '‖ Friend for the Letter and Verſes: the Judgment of ſo 'humane, elegant, and raiſed a Genius, enſures his Ad-'vantage over his Adverſaries.'

Short Remarks.

* The Writer ſpeaks before of *Defamation*, by which and *Calumny* he denotes *Truth*.

† This is ſtrictly true, taken in one ſenſe. For the truth of it in the ſenſe intended, ſee the Puff in the *London Daily Poſt* of this day: 'Where Mr. Whitfield has 'one Auditor, Mr. Henley had ten, at Ormond-ſtreet 'Chapel, the New Church in the Strand, that of Clerk-'enwell, St. Alphage, St. Andrews, &c. and when there 'were bright Competitors, Dawes, Sacheverel, Moſs, 'Day, Stanhope, Atterbury, Yalden, &c.'

‖ *Bigots* ſtands for *Believers*. —— *Prelates* muſt needs envie an *Orator*, who holds forth for ſhillings and ſix-pences.

‡ Inſtead of *Traces*, we ſuppoſe it ſhould be read *Trances*: but deſire to know, in what Book of the *New Teſtament*, we can find any account of S. PAUL's *ſtanding* and preaching in a *Heavenly Trance*.

§ For the truth of this, ſee 2 Cor. x. 10. *For* his *letters (ſay they)* are *weighty and powerful*, *but* his *bodily preſence* is *weak*, *and* his *ſpeech contemptible*.

‖ Hence it appears, that PHILALETHES and ROBINSON are one and the ſame perſon.

** This way of *Enturance* is not to be depended upon. The favourable Teſtimony of an Evidence, whether ſubborned, or voluntary, is never looked upon as a proof of innocence, after Conviction. This a Perſon of *great talents*, who defended himſelf in a like manner, and, as we have good reaſon to think, by the aſſiſtance of the ſame hands, found too true by fatal experience; and by doing juſtice at laſt on himſelf, fully juſtified our whole conduct in the Controverſies carried on againſt him.

We have received a Letter, directed *to our Publiſher*, from a Gentleman of *Grays-inn*, who aſſures us, that 'there was one Mr. ROBINSON, who lodg'd in a Gentle-'man's chambers there ſome part of the long Vacation, 'and quitted them before the Term, who diſavows theſe '*Verſes*; that there is another Gentleman, the only one 'of that name there at preſent, who declares, that thoſe '*Verſes* contain Reflections upon a Prelate, for whom he 'has great honour; and that he deteſts being a Cor-'reſpondent of Mr. HENLEY; —— and that the 'Printer of the *London Daily Poſt*, upon repeated applica-'tion, had promiſed day after day to make a Declaration 'in his Paper, to atone for his fault in inſerting them.'

We have received a Letter from PHILANTHROPOS; another from POPLICOLA with one incloſed; *Verſes on a Lap-dog*; and an *Epigram* upon a New Comedy, now under inſpection, call'd *The Neſt of Plays*.

Yeſterday Bank Stock was 141 1 half. India ditto 174 1 half. South-Sea Stock 100 1 half a 1 4th. Annuities 110 5 8ths a 1 half a 3 4ths. Ditto New 110 1 half a 1 8th a 3 4ths. Three per Cent. Annuities 106 a 1 4th. Million Bank 121. African 14. Royal Aſſurance 110 1 4th. London Aſſurance 14. Bank Circulation 12 s. 6 d. Pr. South-Sea Bonds 3 l. 12 s. Prem. India Bonds 6 l. 17 s. a 16 s. Prem. Ditto New 6 l. 19 s. a 18 s. Prem. Lottery Tickets 10 l. 17 s. a 11 l. Ditto ſtamp'd 4 l. 17 s. a 5 l. Engliſh Copper 2 l. 15 s. Welſh ditto 15 s. Three 1 half per Cent. Exchequer Orders 8 Prem. Three per Cent. ditto 3 1 4th. Prem. Salt Tallies 1 a 4 Prem. Seven per Cent. Emperor's Loan 111 3 4ths. Five per Cent. ditto 101.

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Scribimus indocti, doctique. HOR.

O Grub-ſtreet! *how do I bemoan thee,*
Whoſe graceleſs Children ſcorn to own thee!
Tho' by their idiom and grimace,
They ſoon betray their native place.
Yet thou haſt greater cauſe to be
Aſham'd of them, than they of thee. SWIFT.

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Advice GRATIS.

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